

JUNE 11, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly





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REVISED EDITION

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



JOHN J. WICKER, JR., National Traveler Director for the France Convention Committee, is as enthusiastic as Old Faithful, the world's champion geyser, when he is talking on his favorite subject. Mr. Wicker's article, "Have You Got the Money?", in this issue, concerns only one important factor in the plans of everybody intending to make the 1927 pilgrimage to Paris. If space had permitted, Mr. Wicker would have spoken at equal length upon time saving, a factor as important as money saving.

* * *

MR. WICKER passes along the news that the France Convention Committee is doing what it can to induce employers to make vacation concessions to Legionnaire employes to permit them to make the trip to Paris next year. Every man counting on going should arrange in advance to be gone for four to six weeks, the latter period being about right for men living in the far west and the former for men close to Atlantic ports. The national committee has already obtained promises of co-operation from twenty-four concerns of national importance, including such companies as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Commonwealth Edison Company. Contact has also been established with thousands of employers in all sections of the country to obtain the adoption of plans whereby employes may arrange for extended vacations in 1927 at the time of the Legion's pilgrimage abroad.

* * *

BUT national efforts to get vacation concessions will be effective only if Legion posts tie up to it efforts of their own," broadcasts Mr. Wicker. "Every post should canvass its members on vacation plans for 1927. Each post should appoint a committee to confer with employers to make things easier for Legionnaires who want to get extended vacations in '27. In most cases employers are more than willing to help. Satisfactory adjustments can usually be arranged."

* * *

ADD the name of Tuxedo (New York) Post to the honor roll of The American Legion Endowment Fund. The same day the post learned the quota assigned it, \$3,500, it

sent a check for the sum to the fund treasurer. It did this by borrowing the money at a bank on a note indorsed by Legionnaires. Later the post obtained the amount of its contribution by giving entertainments and by getting subscriptions from practically every Legionnaire and citizen in the town. Inasmuch as Tuxedo has a population of little more than 2,000 the record is a particularly good one.

* * *

LEGIONNAIRE HOWELL BOWERS believes his outfit, Talbot Post of Easton, Maryland, means as much to him as anything in this life. With no family obligations to consider, he has named the post as beneficiary of his Adjusted Compensation Certificate having a face value of \$1190, largely as an expression of appreciation for help given him by the post during a severe illness. Talbot Post has made him a life member, assuming payment of all future dues.

* * *

HONORARY membership in the Legion is not authorized, but William E. Gilmore, executive committeeman for the Nineteenth District of Illinois, reports that his post is proud of the "Friend of the Legion Club" it has organized in Champaign, Illinois. "A letter announcing the proposed club was sent to all members of the Chamber of Commerce in Champaign and the Association of Commerce in Urbana," writes Mr. Gilmore. "We emphasized that we wanted moral support more than financial assistance. Sixty applications for membership were received as the result of

mailing of the letters. We had announced there would be no personal solicitation for members. The idea was given to us by several citizens who were not eligible to membership but wanted to help us in our work."

* * *

REYNOLDS-MARTIN POST of La Plata, Missouri, isn't wishing its town any bad luck, but if a fire has to come, the post is more than willing to put it out. "We held a meeting with the City Council the other night and now our post is the town's fire department," reports Post Adjutant O. L. Robuck.

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In his hand he carried a small, folding easel.... The artistic disguise is a simple one in Finistere

ESCAPE

SIXTH IN A SERIES
OF ADVENTURES OF

Dean of the D. C. I.

By

KARL W. DETZER

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

SHE was small, blonde, alert, pretty after a fashion, and looked matter-of-factly out of a pair of large, gray blue eyes. Her costume was proper but not modish. She had the appearance of the daughter of a successful merchant or professional man in one of the larger provincial cities.

She stood at one o'clock in the afternoon on the sidewalk in the Place de l'Opera, where Paris sets its snare of gaiety for overseas folk. She was looking distractedly left and right at the men and women who passed. On her arm she carried a small, beaded hand bag, of the kind made by the mutilated of the war. She opened the bag twice while Christopher Dean was watching, examined carefully its contents, snapped shut its metal jaws, and Dean would have sworn, had anyone argued the matter, that there were tears in her gray blue eyes.

In overcoat and muffler he sat with a few hardy souls, none of whom he ever had seen before, at a sidewalk table in front of a famous café, drinking a hot grog and examining with an appearance of thoughtful curiosity, all

passersby. It was the end of the second week of January, 1921.

The girl started in his direction at last. She came near enough for him to see her features plainly, and to note, with considerable discernment, that the part of her face which kept her from being entirely pretty, was her mouth. It was too big; much too big for a woman. This he decided while she took a half dozen steps toward him. She turned away hurriedly, as if influenced by a sudden embarrassment. The policeman on the corner saluted sharply when she approached. In reply to the question he gave directions, with heroic gestures and a grand manner, for the space of several minutes. The girl seemed relieved as she thanked him. When she had gone, Dean arose leisurely and strolled across the terrace. His lunch hour was over. He must be back at his desk in the Palais de Justice, where he acted as American operator for the Paris Bureau of Police.

He thought of the girl again, going back the three-quarters of a mile to his office. She had interested him mildly. Persons in trouble always interest a detective. But this time, curiously, his interest had not been sufficiently deep to cause him to bolt into the picture with an unsolicited offer of help. He merely had seen a bit of

everyday drama, guessed that it would be entered in the small records of the police, felt sorry for the girl, and that was all there was to it. A case of pocket picking, no doubt. She had appealed to the policeman on the corner and he had referred her to the bureau. Dean bought a buttonhole bouquet as he crossed Place Madeleine, and arrived unhurriedly at his office.

Quieter days had fallen upon the post of American operator of the bureau. For nine months he had played at a gigantic game of cat and mouse with Dan Lark of Boston. Stakes had been high. Millions of francs. Men had been pawns and pawns had died... murder committed more than once. A few of Lark's camp followers had squirmed in the hands of the law. But Lark himself, crafty ex-major of American marines, still strutted free.

At their last meeting, which had to do with counterfeiting and an unplanned killing, Lark had left a note for Dean, an impudent note, suggesting that he make his will. Dean's face still got hot whenever he thought of it. What a heartless swindler Dan Lark was! Sharp as sleet. Ruthless. Hated the law and all its menservants, loved lawlessness for its own black sake. Dean admired him sometimes, in spite of himself, admired the skill with which

he planned a crime, the daring with which he executed it. Yet all the same, he would arrest him one of these days. This police business was all right; good adventure; exciting; necessary. But the real reason now that he, Christopher Benjamin Dean, was staying on in Paris after every other top sergeant in the army had settled down at home, was to nab Dan Lark. And once he had him, he'd find out why any man on earth so hated the law. *There* was one reason he wanted to take Dan Lark. And he'd stay in France till he got him.

Dean examined quickly the minor reports that had been stacked on his desk during the noon hour. Petty reports of petty knaveries they were for the most part. Not a crime worthy of the ink to write it down. Dean lighted a cigarette. He dozed after he had smoked it. He still was asleep when Inspector Lacarte, chief of the Paris secret police, rapped noisily upon his door.

"I am bringing Mademoiselle Nogent to you, Monsieur Dean." Lacarte spoke rapidly, puffing with excitement. "It will prove to be your case or I burn my commission!"

Dean frowned and cleared his throat. He hoped old Lacarte had not seen him sleeping. He rose with as much dignity as he could summon under the circumstances and prepared to welcome Mademoiselle Nogent. He considered the name quickly. Nogent? No one he knew . . . or was it?

Certainly it was. It was the girl he had watched on the Place de l'Opera.

"Sit down, please," he said in French, which was beginning to lose the broad slur that had attached to it in the A. E. F. days. "What can I do?"

The girl flushed. She made no sign she ever had seen him before. She accepted the chair and sat down awkwardly.

"Oh, monsieur, it is difficult to explain," she said. Again she flushed. "Because I needed advice I came here, and I cannot understand why the gentlemen are excited. This is the whole affair . . ."

"Your name?" Dean interrupted.

"Julie Nogent."

"Occupation?" he asked. He prepared to make out a *proces verbal* card.

"My occupation?" There was doubt in her voice. "None at all, monsieur. I think you would say none at all. My father owns a wine business."

"Where?" Dean asked.

"At Quimper, monsieur. He is ill, very, very ill. I have been going to Brest to do his banking and other work for him. There, yesterday, at the Hotel Continental, I met a gentleman who was interested in the wine business."

"An American gentleman?" Lacarte broke in.

"An American," the girl agreed. Her mouth twitched, and Dean remarked again that it was cut too large. "He told me he was a friend of my father. I had gone to Brest to buy new presses, monsieur.

You have not followed the market? Ah, new presses are very expensive. My father told me I might not find them cheap enough in Brest, I might have to come on to Paris. I looked at them in all the factories in Brest. Then this American gentleman . . ."

"His name?" asked Dean.

"I cannot remember his name, monsieur. It is sad, but I cannot. But he gave me an address in Paris where I might find presses at half the regular price. Half, monsieur. I cashed checks at the bank of Brest, took ten thousand francs, and came here on the night express. This morning I find that my money, which I carried in this bag, is gone. And there is no wine press business at the address. I had no breakfast," she hesitated. "I asked a policeman on the street what to do."

"He sent you here," Dean supplemented, pitying her. "This American . . . what does he look like?"

"Ah, *gentil*!" The girl made a sweeping gesture. She had removed her gray gloves, and her hands, Dean noticed, were red from hard work. "A large man, heavier than you, and older, with very sharp eyes and reddish hair. He has peculiar speech, blunt sometimes, and sometimes very pleasant."

"Look here, would you recognize him from a picture?" Dean turned to a filing cabinet. "Is he on this board?"

Mademoiselle Nogent acted puzzled and a little of her conviction disappeared. Her gray blue eyes, that now showed unmistakable signs of weeping, examined carefully the rows of strange faces, some of them ugly, some indifferent, a few handsome; all stiffly posed, all numbered on the coat lapels.

"Ah, that is the gentleman!"

She pointed positively to the second picture in the third row.

Lacarte shrugged his heavy shoul-

ders. His hair bristled and he jerked his moustache excitedly.

"Voila!" he cried.

Dean shook his head. He hoped Lacarte would not mention Dan Lark's name to the girl. She might talk indiscreetly when she left the police, indiscreetly through ignorance.

"A man named Jenkins," he lied. "Right, an American."

He looked at the girl gravely. From the little town of Quimper, eh? A fishing village and summer resort. Probably she never had seen Paris lights before. "Monsieur Lacarte's sister will attend you till you leave," he advised her. "You can telegraph your father to send money to get you home. I take the evening train for Brest. This man is at the *Continental*?"

"I do not know, monsieur. He stayed there several days. That is all I know. But I believe he comes into town every few days." She paused embarrassedly, twitching her large mouth. "Here is a place where you might find out about him." She drew a small, clean card from her handbag. "He dropped this yesterday afternoon quite by accident. I did not notice it

(Continued on page 15)



Have You Got *the* Money

? ? ?

By JOHN J. WICKER, Jr.

National Travel Director, France
Convention Committee

MORE than one hundred Legionnaires were assembled at luncheon in a southern city. They were men who represented a diversity of vocations but they were of one accord in their loyalty to The American Legion. They believed in the Legion, they worked for the Legion and they were enthusiastic in their support of every Legion enterprise in their community. The discussion veered to the France convention in 1927, the Legion's great pilgrimage back to the land of its birth. Enthusiasm was high, interest was keen.

"How many of you," asked the chairman, "are actually planning to go to France with the Legion next year?" Almost forty of the number present held up their hands. Indications were that the community would muster several squads in the big parade down the Champs Elysées.

"How many of you," continued the chairman, "now have the money salted down and laid away?" The forest of hands dwindled to five.

"How many of you are saving through an American Legion Savings Club?" asked the chairman. Not more than four hands were raised.

"Well, how are the rest of you going to get the money?"

There was a prolonged and significant silence. Finally, one, a lawyer, announced that he was setting aside a special fee from a case about to be closed for his Paris trip. Another lawyer indicated that he would follow a similar procedure. One man, a farmer, declared that he expected the profit from a land deal he had in prospect would more than pay for the Legion pilgrimage. A number of

others reported that they intended to float loans at their banks, or borrow the money from their brothers-in-law.

More than half of those who a few minutes before had so enthusiastically announced their determination to join the great migration back to the land of Parley-Voo, admitted that they did not have the money, were not saving, and had no idea of how they were going to get the money.

The incident related above actually happened. It is significant because it is typical of the entire country. Tens of thousands of Legionnaires expect to go to France next year with the Legion. They look forward to the trip as one



***I**F the price of wool and lamb chops stays right this year and next, Charles O. Huffman of Howard R. Smith Post in Newcastle, Indiana, is certainly going to make that trip to Paris with the Legion in 1927, and Mrs. Huffman is going with him. Mr. Huffman is a contractor, but he has become a shepherd on the side to make sure he'll have the money for Paris. His flock numbers eighty now.*

of the great and colorful experiences of their lives, next only to that greatest of all adventures during the days of '17 and '18. Yet, wanting to go, they are not making definite provision to obtain the money that will be necessary to finance the trip. A national survey recently completed shows that only about five per cent of the 30,000 who may make the trip to France are actually saving through American Legion Savings Clubs.

There are many others of course who need not save, who now have sufficient funds for the trip, and there are still others who either have some definite plan for obtaining the money or who

will be enabled to borrow it when the time comes. But it is safe to say that at least half of those who are definitely planning for Paris in 1927 have not the vaguest idea of how they are going to obtain the necessary money. Possibly a few of these will receive legacies from rich uncles, but the bulk of them will either have to save the money or stay at home.

It is more than a year before you will need to consider which of the two family suitcases you want to take to Paris with you. Many things can happen in a year, but it is only in fiction that the dilemma of the hero is solved in the last minute by an unexpected windfall. Legionnaires who go to Paris next year will be those who planned, definitely and specifically, to obtain the money that will pay the expenses of the trip. Four or five hundred dollars isn't a great deal of money, but it means ten dollars a week for a year to save that much out of the weekly pay envelope.

The same survey which showed that only a small fraction of Legionnaires are saving through American Legion Savings Clubs showed also that where these clubs are active, where a large number of Legionnaires are members and where deposits are piling up rapidly, local posts of the Legion are keenly interested in promoting the France Convention. For example, a certain eastern city showed an American Legion Savings club with almost 200 members and more than \$20,000 on deposit. On the other hand, one entire State in which a number of savings clubs have been organized could boast of only a small number in any of the

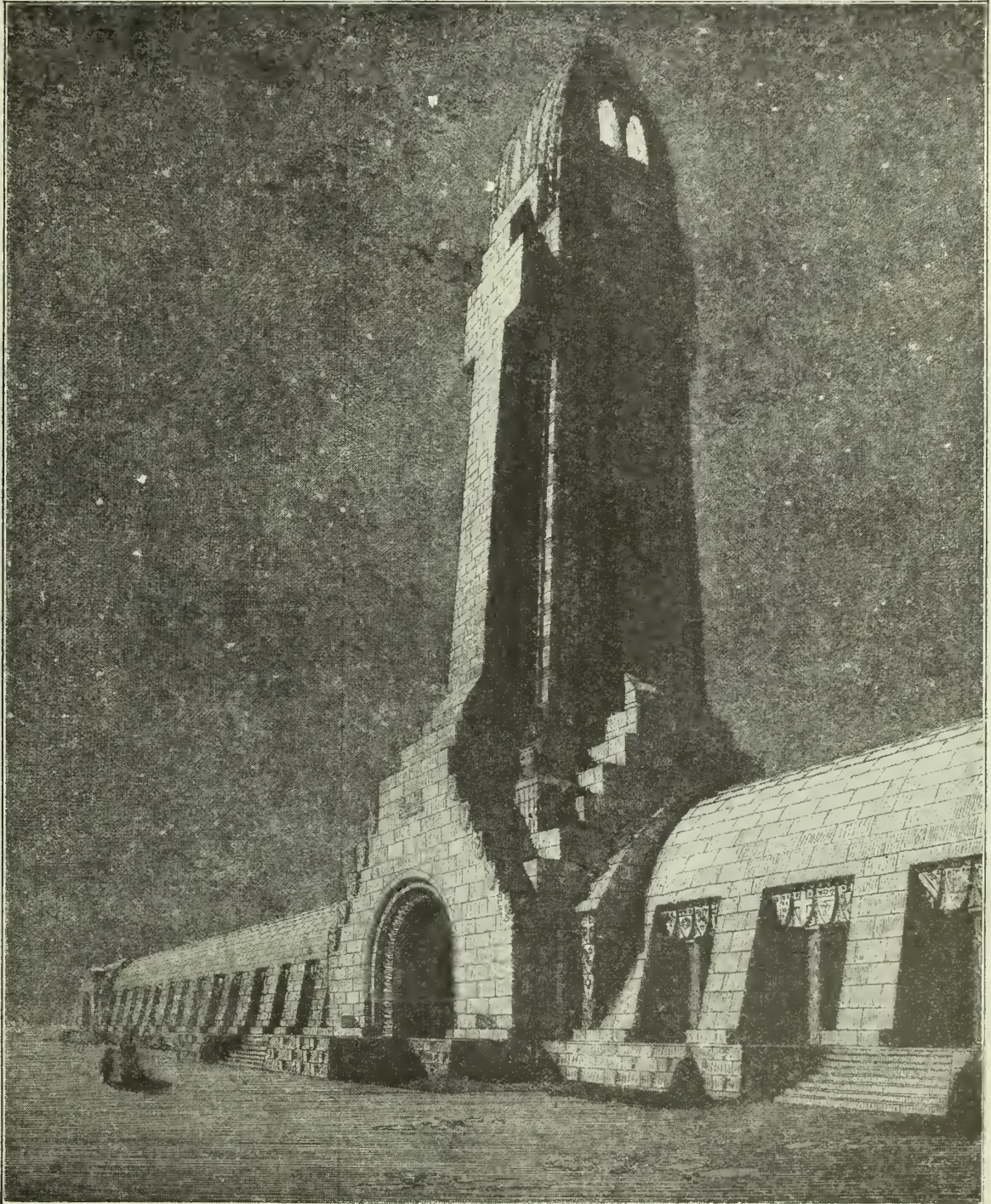
clubs. There are here and there throughout the country conspicuous examples of men who are making deliberate sacrifices in order that they may have sufficient money in 1927 to join the Legion trip. There is the case of the village spendthrift in a New England town who caught the vision of the Paris trip, and who has now become a man of substance with money in the bank, money that when the time comes will go toward insuring a place among the veterans who will make the conquest of Paris in 1927.


Over 500 American Legion Savings Clubs have been established throughout
(Continued on page 20)

A Lighthouse for the World

THE National Executive Committee of The American Legion in May adopted a resolution endorsing projects for the erection of international war memorials at Verdun and Liege and directing that all posts of the Legion and units of The American Legion Aux-

iliary be informed that voluntary contributions for these memorials will be received by National Headquarters. On this page is shown the architect's conception of the Verdun memorial. The memorial to be erected at Liege will be a vast hall.





"And Willie—Willie's the last on the program. That's sort of an honor, isn't it, uncle?"

Willie Barclay Goes on the Air

By STANLEY SCHNETZLER

Illustrated by Emmett Watson

ALICE TOMPKINS' fingers trembled as she took the newspaper from the postman's hand. She recognized the handwriting on the wrapper; knew the package came from Willie—Willie Barclay, who had gone to Chicago to become a great musician—on the banjo.

"Ma, there's mail for us!"

This announcement, in itself, was enough to cause stir in the placid household.

"It's from Willie!"

There followed a veritable sensation—two sensations, in fact.

"The zither-player?" inquired Uncle Rudolph from behind the Sporting Section.

Seeing the buckle on his belt bobbing rhythmically, she scorned replying. She knew he was chuckling over her anticipated "rise."

"From Willie?" Mrs. Tompkins rasped. A catch in her voice betrayed her constant fears—that Willie would cease caring for Alice; and that Alice might fall in love with Willie. Willie's ceasing to care for Alice would be in the nature of a slur on Alice's power to charm. But Alice's falling in love with Willie was not to be thought of. Not Willie, impractical Willie! Not while there was Emil Kohl and his forty acres—

"O-o-o! Ma!"

Mrs. Tompkins added another half-cupful of vinegar to a sanguine pot of beets before inquiring. "What'd he say?" thus accepting Alice's "O-o-o! Ma!" as assurance that the mail came from Willie.

"He just wrote up in the corner 'This is me,' and drew an arrow in red ink to his picture."

"Wasn't taking chances, was he?" mused Uncle Rudolph. "Didn't want you to think that it was Barnum and Bailey's bearded lady or the sword swallower, eh?"

Alice had joined her mother in the kitchen. In the front room she glimpsed a pink bulge, bounded below by sandy eyebrows, above by a hairless expanse, vibrating over the top of his newspaper. With a shrug, she edged about so her back was more obviously toward her tormentor. One couldn't help losing patience with Uncle Rudolph. He made such silly remarks. Anyone knew Willie had no beard; hadn't even used a razor—yet.

"W-K-Z", mother was reading through gold-rimmed spectacles. "Don't seem to make sense. What's that spell?"

"W-K-Z", echoed from the front room, accompanied by the quick descent of the Sporting Section. "Radio, by jingo."

Uncle Rudolph puffed to his feet and joined them.

"Is that—Willie?" he asked in strained voice.

"Yes, and you needn't laugh. He's—he can play the banjo—well—he sure can play the banjo."

"Looks as though the Lord should've blessed him with something."

Alice snatched the paper from her mother's hand, folded it in a tight strip, and stalked from the room. Uncle, seeing her on the verge of tears, grew suddenly penitent.

"Alice, I—didn't mean anything. Honest."

"But you're always—you're always making fun of all the things we love best. Just because you live in the city."

"There, there! It's just my clumsy way of joking. I didn't want to hurt you. And, as for my coming from the city, that doesn't make such a difference. I started life here, just the way Willie did."

Alice turned quizzical eyes. His round face actually seemed to sag. He looked too much like a mortified cow. She relented.

"And just to prove it, Alice, I'm going to drive in to town and get that twelve-dollar radio set we saw at the hardware store. We can rig it up this afternoon in time to hear Willie play."

Alice's arms went about his neck. "Oh, you don't mean it. That'd be too wonderful for words. Hear Willie play! Why, it'd be almost as good as having him right here with us."

"Better!" Uncle Rudolph declared, setting his hat jauntily.

Had Alice timed him, she would have discovered that he made the trip to

town and back at record speed. However, fussing around getting in mother's way in the kitchen, gazing adoringly at the dollar-size halftone in the radio section, mentally counting seconds and minutes, she grew certain that something had happened to delay the journey—a detour; a flat tire; possibly even Uncle Rudolph's untimely death. She shuddered. What a ghastly idea! A death in the family. With a funeral in the house, they could have no—
A funeral in the house!

"Andy gave me a special price on this," he beamed as he bustled in. "Eleven ninety-eight instead of twelve dollars. Made the reduction because this is the first set in Ackerman's township. Threw in a book of instructions free. Said we could hook it up easy in less than three hours. By the way, what time does the concert start?"

"Eight o'clock," Alice announced, spreading the already worn paper on the center table. "And Willie—Willie's the last on the program. That's sort of an honor, isn't it, uncle?"

"Yes, sort of," he conceded gallantly, staring over her shoulder. "Lucky he drew that red arrow or it'd have been hard to find him in all this picture gallery. Postmen's band—Agatha Treat, the Stockyard Jenny Lind—Tommy Lumpkin, the motion picture baby. Never heard of him, did you?"

Alice did not reply. She was not thinking of the Lumpkin baby. She was marveling that there were other photographs than Willie's on the radio page. Till that moment, she hadn't realized it.

"Now you take Hook A and attach it to Wire B," he read from the instruction book. "Then you lead Wire B to a lead pipe that runs into the ground. Got any lead pipes that run into the ground?"

Mrs. Tompkins's reluctant offer of the drain from the sink was refused. Someone surely would stumble over the wire and wreck the works.

"Alice!"

Instantly Alice knew what her mother wanted and delayed the answer she knew she'd have to make. But still she didn't speak.

"Alice, you better call up the Beechers and the other folks and invite 'em over to hear Willie play."

Alice shuddered. That chatter, kidding crowd, when she wanted to be alone with her dreams and Willie's music; when she begrudged even her family's right to be there.

"You don't answer, Alice!" The tone was seasoned with vinegar.

"Ma, can't we—do we have to have them here? Wouldn't it be nicer just to be by ourselves?"

"Now, don't be silly, Allie." Then,

after she had considered a moment, "You ain't afraid Willie'll break down, are you?" craftily.

Alice's lips tightened. "Well, who do you want?"

"Call the Beechers, and while you're gettin' them, I'll tell you some others."

Receiver to ear, she was placing her third call when a shrill confusion interrupted the conversation. She dropped the instrument as if struck by lightning. Startled, she stared at the box on the wall, where a bell tinkled in helpless amazement, as if it too had been stricken. In an instant, her wits returning, she rushed to the front window where stood a white-faced radio fan staring at the eaves.

On high, two copper telephone wires spluttered and flared where a radio wire lay across them.

"Mistook a thing-ma-bob for a doo-hickey," uncle explained sheepishly. "Lucky Andy gave me insulated radio wire for indoors."

"Lucky the set wasn't attached, or you'd have burned it out."

She caught his crestfallen look as she ignored his possible electrocution.

"What's the matter with the phone?" Mrs. Tompkins shrilled from the kitchen.

"Nothing, Ma. Just a busy wire," Alice declared, fearing mother might
(Continued on page 18)



With a sob Alice rushed from the room, brushed past the waiting Emil and stumbled into the unfriendly moonlight



President Coolidge with Lieutenant Colonel George R. Crosfield of Great Britain, president of the FIDAC, and Mrs. Crosfield at the White House. The President assured Colonel Crosfield of his entire sympathy with the peace aims of the Interallied Veterans

An Ambassador of Good Will Fulfills His Mission

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

BEHIND him hung Reni Mel's famous painting of the American doughboy supporting a reeling French poilu. Beside him sat national officers of the Legion, their interest intent. In front of him were more than two-score leaders of The American Legion, drawn from every State in the Union.

The ruddy-faced man speaking, the man who weaved slightly to keep his balance on a cork left leg which replaced the good one he lost in Flanders in 1916, was Lieutenant Colonel George R. Crosfield, president of the Interallied Veterans Association, or Federation Interalliée des Anciens Combattants, as it is called in French. A Briton, and the first president of FIDAC officially to visit the United States in discharge of his duties.

The men before him were the members of the National Executive Committee. The words he spoke were a message from the veterans in the eight other allied countries in FIDAC.

"Gentlemen, I have come 5,000 miles to bring you a message from your comrades in Europe. They have only one request. That is for America to stand with the Allies in 1927 as she did in 1917. The crying need in Europe now is for the Allies to stand shoulder to shoulder in unbreakable alignment.

"War parties have raised their heads; there is once more talk of Der Tag. Once let the war party of Germany succeed in driving a wedge be-

tween France and her allies—then you will see.

"It is FIDAC'S job to prevent that wedge. It is FIDAC'S job to support the peace forces in Germany—or wherever else they may be found—and to prevent the German war party from utilizing the tremendous military machine that is slowly being built.

"We veterans who fought together should stand together. Now as never before must we show that the battlefield ties cannot be broken; now as never before must we show that FIDAC and its member organizations are out for peace—not peace at any price; not war at any price—but justice at any price.

"We must show the red-flagged communists that our countries are no places for them—that FIDAC will oppose them at every turn. We must develop understanding between our mutual countries, for in understanding lies tolerance and peace.

"By our might in standing shoulder to shoulder in peace-time as we did in war-time, we can convince the world that while we live there can be no more war, nor can there be another holocaust during the lifetime of our children. That is our guarantee. The FIDAC insures against war with one hundred per cent results at small premium.

"To make that possible we of Europe need the mighty American Legion. We are old and tired—you are young, strong and enthusiastic. Aid us now in

this task of keeping the peace in Europe.

"Give me some message to take back which will tell the veterans of England, Belgium, France, Italy, Roumania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia that the powerful American Legion is with us in our big fight."

The one-legged hero of St. Eloi sat down while the Legionnaires applauded vigorously. Shortly thereafter on motion of John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, a resolution was drawn declaring that "the Legionnaires of America cherish the spirit of understanding and friendship which arose while we were brothers in arms and that we hope this comradeship will grow ever stronger for the maintenance and preservation of world peace."

The program in Indianapolis was one of the features of a tour made by Colonel and Mrs. Crosfield through the eastern part of the country under Legion auspices. They visited New York, Paterson, West Point, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington, Mt. Vernon, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Chicago, and Culver Military Academy. Everywhere the FIDAC leader was received with enthusiasm. At Washington President Coolidge assured him of his entire sympathy with the peace program of FIDAC. Colonel Crosfield laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington and performed a like service at the tomb of Washington in Mt. Vernon.



Its State Points *with* Pride *to* This Post

By J. M. BEMIS

TAKE any map of the United States, turn to the State of Wisconsin, poke your pencil through the paper at the center of the State, and you have located the city of Stevens Point, known for fishing tackle, rabbit hounds and live Legionnaires.

"Population 11,370," the census report for 1920 states. Among that number were a handful of Legionnaires, the nucleus of what is now said to be the largest post in the United States for towns of anywhere near its population. Today the population reads about a thousand more, but the membership rolls of Romulus Carl Berens Post now list 554 names, all paid up and hustling for the Legion.

Membership, however, is nothing to brag about these days, with every post in the country campaigning for new names; but membership attained under the conditions which have obtained in Stevens Point, and membership which accomplishes the things that have been done by this Wisconsin post, is dice of another kind of spots.

In the first place, the growth in three years from 164 members to 554 was made in three "off" years. Stevens Point prosperity depends directly upon the prosperity of the farmers of Portage County. Potatoes are the big crop, and three successive years of over-production and low prices had blanketed the county with mortgages. In the face of these discouraging conditions, the

post went ahead with its plans for the 1925 state convention and boosted the membership to 424 in preparation for that event.

That was a very high mark, and the prophets told the Stevens Point boys they would never regain that strength after the big time was over. Not only that, they would lose thousands of dollars on the affair. But the Pointers refused to be frightened. They went ahead with their convention, made some money, and then went out for 1926 membership.

A dozen prizes, including a gold watch, two suits of clothes, a pen and pencil set, etc., were offered to the men bringing in the most members. The banquet which celebrated the passing of the 500 mark paid for itself at the door.

First prize in the drive was won by the adjutant, Gilbert J. "General" Diaz. He landed eighty-one members all by himself. Diaz is employed as a trouble shooter by the telephone company. Every time he entered a home to tinker with the telephone, he looked for pictures of soldiers. When he spotted one he asked questions. Most of his "leads" were obtained in that way. There's a tip for grocer boys, ice men, meter readers, electricians.

Second prize went to the commander, Ferdinand A. Hirzy. Hirzy is a jeweler and makes his store a headquarters
(Continued on page 21)



Members of the state champion Stevens Point, Wisconsin, high school basketball team (above) holding silver cups which Romulus Carl Berens Post of that town presented them. In the last row, left to right, three post officers who themselves signed up 170 new members of the post this year: Leo Larson, finance officer; Ferdinand A. Hirzy, post commander; Gilbert J. Diaz, adjutant. Below, Commander Hirzy in his uniform of captain in the Wisconsin National Guard. He came to this country from Austria in 1914, enlisted in 1917, and in 1925, at the age of 25 began serving as commander of his post, one of the youngest post commanders in the Legion

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Our Memorials Also

LIEGE and Verdun! Magic names for us—names that will hold imperishable the memories of two of the World War's most crucial battles. But we shall pass on. Even memories, though they may not die with us, will grow dim. So to hold forever to the sight of men visible reminders of all that Liege and Verdun mean to men now living, two imposing war memorials are now being erected in Belgium and France.

One memorial is the Ossuary of Verdun. It will be an awe-inspiring structure, a long cloister in which the bones of thousands of unidentified French dead will rest in fifty-two tombs, the cloister surmounted by a tower. The shrine will be on the highest point of the old battlefields about Verdun. The tower will dominate a vast section of countryside. Atop the tower will burn a perpetual light.

We may think of that tower and its beacon as a lighthouse of the world. It marks the site where heroism and liberty triumphed over despotism and slavery. The torch will blaze as a symbol of a world saved, just as the torch on the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor symbolizes a world enlightened.

The beacon light will cast its beams toward the battlefield of the Meuse-Argonne, immortalized by the blood of thousands of Americans.

At Liege, where the first great shock of the World War was borne, another memorial is being erected, one that will have a world significance comparable to that of the Ossuary at Verdun. A great hall will rise in Liege to keep vivid forever the sublime valor of a Belgium that bore the invaders' wounds rather than surrender with dishonor. American soldiers, fighting on Belgian soil, helped drive that invader from Belgium in the final battles of the World War. It is fitting that the United States, through The American Legion, should help rear the memorial at Liege.

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion, meeting at Indianapolis on May fifteenth, expressed the hope that the posts of The American Legion, the units of The American Legion Auxiliary, and individuals of both organizations would contribute to the funds being raised for the completion of the memorials at Verdun and Liege. The committee authorized the National Commander to issue an appeal to all posts and units for voluntary subscriptions. National Commander John R. McQuigg announces that Verdun and Liege Memorial Fund contributions will be received by the National Treasurer of The American Legion. An honor roll of the posts contributing will be compiled and every effort will be made to insure a creditable participation by the Legion in the two undertakings. All contributions may be sent to Robert H. Tyndall, National Treasurer of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The memorial at Verdun is already arising on its foundations. The immense tomb, with its central tower, will cost approximately eight million francs, or much less than a half million dollars at present exchange rates. Most of this sum has already been raised by the French people, and the sum expected to be contributed by the United States is comparatively small. Belgium has already contributed more than \$20,000. Canada has contributed \$8,000, and promises a total of \$15,000. In authorizing Legion participation in this project and the one for the memorial at Liege, the National Executive Committee was influenced by the belief that

both memorials would be incomplete without representation by the United States.

The record of The American Legion in meeting its direct obligations is well known. The appeal on behalf of these two European memorials involves a moral obligation as well as American honor.

One of the Family

AMERICAN Legionnaires may pardonably take a bit more pride than even the average American feels over the achievement of Lieutenant Commander Richard Byrd in flying to the North Pole, for Commander Byrd is a Legionnaire and he wore the Legion button at the historic moment when his own specially designed sextant showed that his plane was over its goal.

Lieutenant Commander Byrd is a member of Belvidere Brooks Post of New York City, a post composed of air service veterans of the World War.

Every day brings its new evidence that the men who wore the United States uniform in the World War are becoming this country's outstanding leaders. Not only in the developing science of aviation, but also in statesmanship, in medicine, in art, in literature, the men who were young and comparatively unknown in the war period now are in ascendancy.

Two questions come naturally to mind whenever an American today through an outstanding achievement becomes the center of public interest. Is he a veteran of the World War? Is he a member of The American Legion? If he is within certain age limits, he is almost sure to be a World War veteran. If he is a veteran of the World War, he is almost certain to be a Legionnaire, because the sort of man who does big things is the sort of man who finds the Legion especially appealing to him.

A Question

THE Citizens Military Training Camps will soon be open again. This summer more than thirty-five thousand young men will have a chance to spend a few active weeks in the open air. The skinny ones will put on weight and the fat ones will work it off, and nervous ones will learn to sleep like logs. Thirty-five thousand is not a large number in a nation as large as ours, but it is all the Army can afford to take on.

In rather a peculiar way these camps disclose a state of affairs in the American nation. A large group of pacifists are flailing the air denouncing the camps and a winter activity which is allied with them—the military training the Army provides, upon request, in some one hundred and sixty high schools and colleges. They call these institutions spawning beds of militarism, and even harsher names than that.

Now, with no desire whatsoever to offend, doesn't that represent the great cause of peace in a pretty dim light? Thirty-five thousand young men camping under canvas in the summer. About that many school boys drilling a few hours a week in the winter. The former voluntary with each individual. The latter voluntary with the individual, or, in a few instances, required by his local school board, just like algebra.

No charge of militarism can be sustained against this nation simply because it believes in fitting its young men to defend it, as they would most certainly be called upon to do if it were imperiled by war. The principle that every man as a citizen owes military service to his country when it is menaced by aggression is, despite all the philosophy of those who blindly urge youth to refuse to fight under any circumstances, still this country's main reliance in a world which has not yet given any evidence that war is impossible.

The training camps this summer will prove that the heart of America is sound.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

Thomas A. Edison, chipper at seventy-nine, was asked what the world would be like a hundred years hence. He was not the man to answer the question. It belonged in the realm of fiction writers. He is an inventor, and the inventor does not guess. The future to him is with the inventions that come.

Edison Did Not Know

So Edison just said that he did not know; but he was sure that there would be great progress; and now he must hurry home so that he could be at work in his laboratory before daylight.

Not this year, not next year—it is something to look forward to. Less than a hundred years ago Jules Verne made an imaginary hero go around the world in eighty days. Today it may be done in fact in half of eighty days. Man has just flown over the North Pole.

It May Yet Come True

The trip was not bolder than those of the first explorers of our wilderness. Not yet, but one day mail may go in three or four days by the short air route over the North Pole between England and Japan.

This is the season when Boy Scouts, and Girl Scouts, too, take to the open. They are planning their summer camps. There are more and more camps every year taking youth to exercise and regular habits in the fresh air.

The Best of Camps

Legion camps, school camps, camps of all kinds of groups. They stand for the fellowship of group and clan loyalty. Every boys' camp should lead to the Citizens' Training Camps which stand for the fellowship of the whole and the national clan.

The Spanish like it; they may have it; but bullfighting has no place under our flag. It is not a sport, according to our ideas, for the bull has no chance.

Not Under Our Flag

The arena in which to kill bulls is the slaughter house. So Acting Governor Butte refused permission for a bull fight in Porto Rico. Let the Porto Ricans continue Americanization by baseball. They may yet have a man in a major league. No distinction in birthplaces; an open game. If he can bat more home runs than Babe Ruth he will get more cheers.

The agitation is having effect. America is learning that the way to fly is to fly. The beginning is good; now to keep on with the increase. New air mail routes, thousands of miles more; ten new privately owned air lines; some of these carrying mail by contract, which means government support of civil aviation!

This Is

More Like It

For the first time the majority of the contests at the annual national air races, to be held this year at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, are open to civilian instead of exclusively army and navy fliers.

Kansas City's pioneering airport has done yeoman service. That of New Orleans is by this time ready. Every city and town should get in line with a flying field. It means being up-to-date, municipal prestige. Air ports are becoming as much a part of municipal appointments as

stations and sidings for trains and docks for steamers. Otherwise traffic passes you by.

If no air field then signs to guide the planes. On the roof of some prominent building paint in letters twelve feet long by one foot broad—visible from a height of six thousand feet—the name of the town and also A. L. if you have room for only the initials. This is publicity of permanent value in national association under high auspices. And if Congress passes the bill providing for 2,200 new army planes in the next five years we shall feel still better about America in the air.

Although pioneering new lands is nearly over there is another kind of pioneering which is in full tide. It will

They, Too, Are Pioneers

always last as long as men want real homes instead of rented caves in town. Its results you see in the new communities rising on the outskirts of cities. As sons of the East went West in the days of the buffalo sons of the city go to fresh air by trolley and automobile.

New houses rise fronting on new streets; there must be water supply, pavements and sewers. There must be schools, at the very start, which will have the latest in lighting and ventilation and big playgrounds. There must be churches. Cities often have enough church-going facilities, but new suburbs lack them and often lack the funds for them when homes are bought on the instalment plan.

It is from the post and department Legion papers which come to my table that I get the news from the front in the membership drive. From the trim little *Star Shell* of Pittsfield, Mass. comes the telling note: "No red blooded man would sell the right to retain his dis-

News From the Front

charge. Why, then, should not the veteran, having paid such a high price for the privilege, come into the family?"

The *Empire State Legionnaire* is writ large, ample and compelling, in form with the biggest State. The *Cresco*, Iowa, *Gas Mask* comes out in color for a membership number. "I used up twenty-six gallons of gas and two tires running around," writes "Alex" in the *Weston*, W. Va., *Legionnaire*, but he got six new members. The *Bulletin* of Tyrone, Pa., is strong for harmony, "subordinating some of our personal ideas and wishes for the general good" which means an invitation from a happy family.

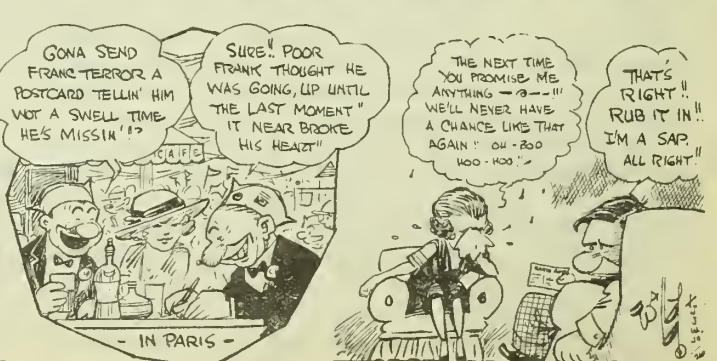
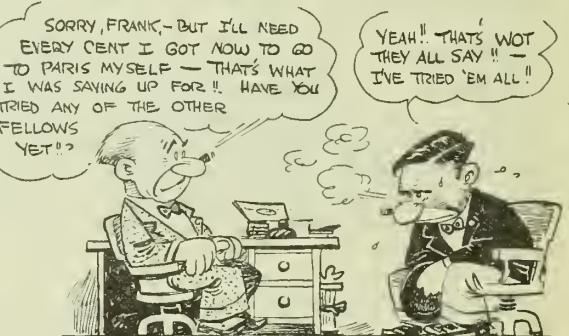
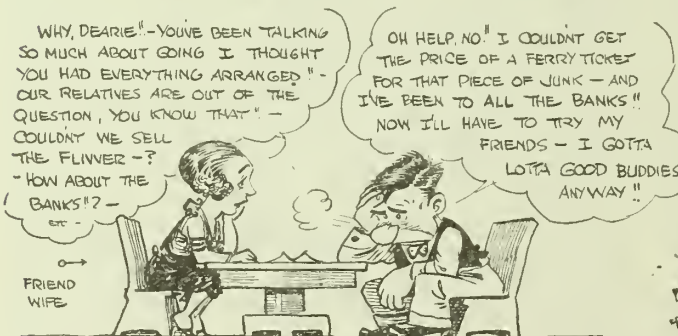
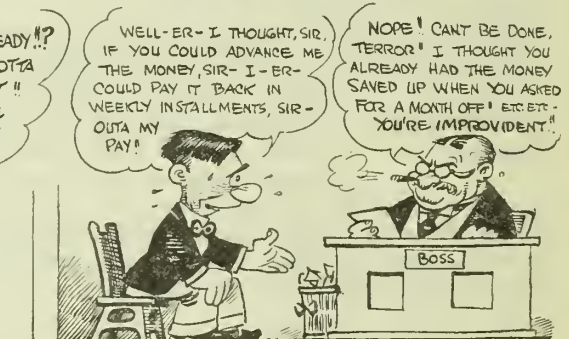
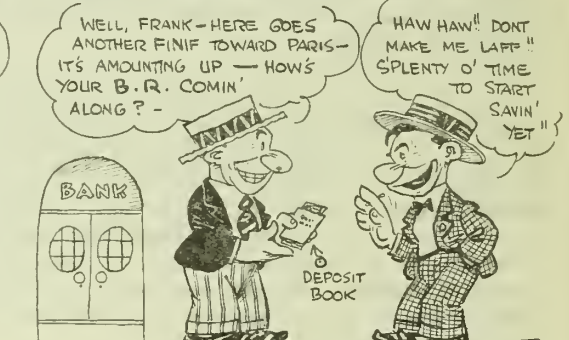
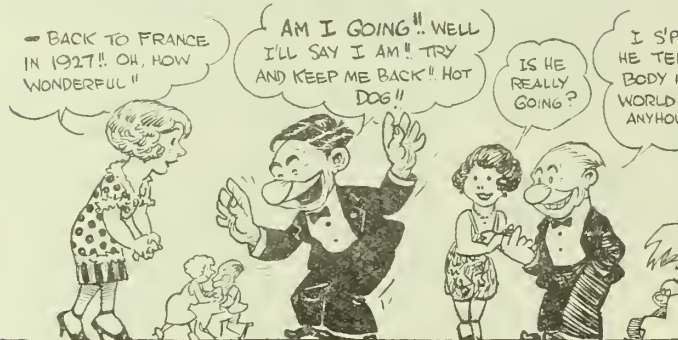
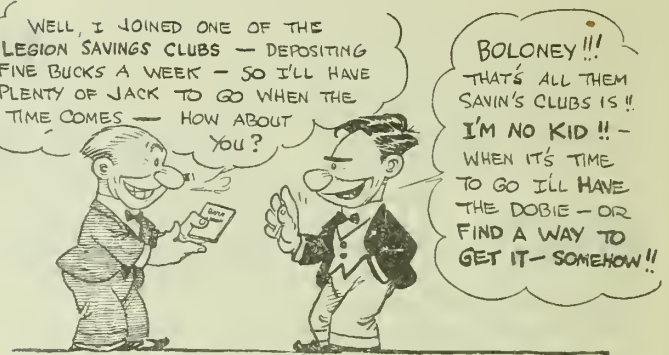
I like the way that the Oakland, Cal., *Bulletin* burst forth in indignation at the suggestion that the Legion was becoming a partisan in a local political campaign. Plans, orders, addresses from the top, but it is at the front that the issue is decided.

In six years we have paid off four and one-fourth billions of our National debt and our State and Municipal debts have increased by six and three-fourths billions. The national debt is being lowered by three-fourths of a billion a year and state and municipal debts increased by one and one-fourth billions. A dollar to pay state and local taxes is just as hard earned as a dollar to pay national taxes. We are loading future generations with more debt on top of the war debt. Are we taking care to get our money's worth for them?

Heaping Up the Burden

A Tale of Two Citizens

By Wallgren



ESCAPE

(Continued from page 5)

until he had gone. I put it in my pocket to give it to him if I should ever see him again."

Dean took the card interestedly.

On it was written, in a hand that he knew well enough was that of his fellow countryman Daniel Lark, "Restaurant du Sentir la Marine," and in a lower corner, "After 12 midnight."

* * * *

The gray, mysterious city of Brest hid its rugged face under the ancient, eternal fogs of Finistere. In the vile, black, old town below the suspension bridge, on the windy balconies of the great Château, in Place President Wilson with its memories of blood and persecution and victory and glory, along the whole clattering length of Rue de Siam, on the wet quais of the Port du Commerce where the lobster fishers mingle with bearded sons of the four deep sea winds, the fog muffled thick as a velvet drapery.

"Dirty town!" Dean told himself as he stepped out of the Hotel Continental. "I never did like this place! Something fishy about it, not square and aboveboard. A hangman's paradise with these damnable fogs!"

He had found no trace of ex-Major Daniel Lark in the Hotel Continental. He stuffed a square of cardboard into his left pocket and a pistol into his right. The clothes were not the ones he usually wore in Paris. The overcoat did not fit so well as his own. The shoes, one of which had a patch on its uppers, needed polish. The elbows of his black jacket shone. In his hand he carried a small, folding easel, a canvas, and a tin box containing paints. And the card in his pocket was that of an American artist named Wright. The artistic disguise is a simple one in Finistere; there are more painters than villages and Dean looked his part. Observers would have called him a searcher after beauty in a welter of wind and mist.

UNDER the great rock walls of the city, huddled together and fronting the quais across a narrow street, a suburb known as Port du Commerce faces the shipping world. Squat stone buildings, for the most part inexpensive cafés and hotels for sailing men, back cautiously against the tall stone butte, atop which the Château sits in everlasting dignity. Here, in this disreputable row, Dean knew that he would find the Restaurant du Sentir la Marine . . . the place which sailors had named after "the taste of the sea."

Long, dilapidated rows of restaurants, hotels, cafés and pensions looked down upon him from the left. Their signboards, creaking in a wind that played up the bay, were fashioned in the shapes of fish and lobsters and anchors, of ships and rudders and gilded pilot wheels. Here, at the hour of noon, Dean made out the signboard of the restaurant of the taste of the sea.

It was a mean, ill-visaged building, with low eaves and steep roof ridges hidden in the upper fog. A worn brass thumb latch loosed the door, and gray mists followed the American into the

front bar. Lamps burned sulkily, suspended from the ceiling, in spite of its being mid-day.

The bar was cluttered and in need of cleaning. The bar maid, slatternly, with the look of ill feeding, banged her sabots upon a tile floor as Dean entered, and waited his order sullenly. He looked at her sharply. For a moment he believed he had seen her before. Something about her stirred his memory. Her eyes? Her skin? He dismissed the idea directly. She was a typical bar maid, that was all.

AT a table to the rear three men sat at a game of dominoes. Two of them wore sea jackets and boots, their caps on the backs of their heads, and carried a distinct atmosphere of salt on their wind-beaten faces. The third, who was darker than the others and both taller and heavier, bore sharply the stamp of the city. He it was who stared hard at Dean, drank his *bock* hurriedly, and with scant excuse left the game. Dean looked after him as he disappeared into the fog of the Rue de l'Océan.

"A room?" he asked the bar maid.

She shrugged.

"Not a whole room. You may share one with a gentleman. His partner is leaving on a voyage."

Dean hesitated. He was too fastidious needlessly to share a room with some fishy unknown who no doubt was dirty, unless it were wholly necessary. But get Dan Lark he must.

"How much?" he wanted to know.

"Two francs a day, meals out."

"Show me the room," said Dean.

It was a small apartment under the slant of the steep roof, with a pair of patched windows staring out blindly upon the foggy street. Two beds, both narrow and warped, two stout chairs, their front legs chewed by generations of sea boot heels, a tip hand basin, a frayed rug on the floor, a sea chest in one corner, and on the walls a crucifix, a colored print of a poorly drawn Joan of Arc, and the portraits of three incautious ladies torn from La Vie Parisienne . . . it was not an inspiring chamber.

"I'll take it," Dean said.

"That's your bed, there by the window. Two francs, please, in advance."

Dean paid the money. He flung his painting materials upon the bed.

"My roommate," he asked, "who is he?"

"The big dark man downstairs, playing dominoes when you came in. He is a secret policeman."

"Oh!" said Dean.

* * * *

By three o'clock the fog in the street had lifted enough to make two-wheeled carts distinguishable across the way, and to puncture the skyline above the waterfront with the gray points of fishing boat masts. But it seemed to thicken on the brain of Christopher Dean, alone in his untidy room.

He looked at his watch. For exactly forty-one minutes a man had sat in the fog across the street and eyed the front door of the Restaurant du Sentir

la Marine. And the worst of it was that the man so occupied was the muscular individual who had left the bar so precipitously when Dean entered and who the maid said was his roommate. At twenty-one minutes of three he had sat down boldly on a fish barrel. There he still sat, twiddling his thumbs. He thought the fog hid him, did he?

A secret policeman? Dean scowled. He had known police officers of many nations, village gendarmes, city detectives, keen eyed investigators of the *surety*, deputy sheriffs, but never had one of them shown so poor a face as the big, dark man of the bar. No . . . not a policeman . . . but why in the name of all the drunken sailors in Brest was he watching the door?

So much had he seen.

What he heard was another matter. The girl from below stairs, the one who reminded him vaguely of a former meeting, had flapped her wooden soles along the corridor at two o'clock. She was talking as she passed Dean's room and a man's gruff ejaculations punctuated her whiny voice. Enough, Dean had heard two words.

"Another American!" she had said.

Another? It proved Mademoiselle Nogent was right in sending police here, and just as smart as she was right. Dean felt positively that he was on the right track. Americans were not so plentiful around Brest as they had been two years before. If two of them had put up within a few days at this out of the way hole, he was one and Lark was the other. If Dan Lark did roost here, and Christopher Dean took him, he would have a girl to thank! And a girl from the provinces at that!

HE picked up his cap and sauntered down to the bar. The place was empty of customers. In the kitchen at the rear he heard the voices of women, speaking swiftly, slurring their tongues over bad French, but with a quiet suggestive of secrecy. The kitchen door stood open an inch. Dean stepped toward it, laid his hand on the latch, started to clear his throat, and stopped with a quiver running up and down his spine.

"He is a fool!" the bar maid had just said.

"He was a gentleman when I saw him in Paris!" flared up the second speaker.

Dean felt sweat on his forehead. He recognized that second voice. He pulled the door toward him and looked quickly. Sitting in the kitchen, her hat off, timidity gone, and a thick, steaming glass of grog just raised to her large mouth, was Mademoiselle Nogent.

Dean slid toward the front door. Best to get out if he could. A trap! And he like a damn dumb rabbit had put his head very nicely into it! In the fifteen quick steps he took toward the street he remembered all the dapper, genial cunning, the remorselessness, the cold contempt for another man's life that Dan Lark had always shown, remembered the note that the

rascal had left in Nantes, threatening him, suggesting he make his will.

What a fool he had been! He could have gone straight to the chief of the Brest police when first he came to town, and got protection. Instead he had tried bullheadedly to do the whole job alone! Well, he would get to the police now, if he could . . . yes, and take at least one scamp with him! There was that dark individual still sitting in the fog across the way. . . .

Dean advanced noisily over the rough cobblestones. He saw the fellow start at the unexpected manner of his approach and stand up quickly. Dean hurried. The man ran toward the wharves, leading by ten paces.

"Halt!" Dean cried.

The other showed a clean pair of heels. He dodged, quite sure of his way, among bales, nets and barrels up the wharf, while loungers and sailors paused to stare through the fog. They had run a hundred yards out the jetty. Here the mist hung thicker and the man seemed to have got away completely.

Then he showed up, close at hand in the fog. Dean sprang at his neck. At the same instant there was a shuffle of other feet and a hoarse voice uttered a command in French. New shadows blurred into sight and three men whose fists were like chunks of hard wood fell upon Dean, whacked his head against the stone floor of the jetty, bundled him, bloody and frightened, into a small gasoline boat made fast conveniently alongside the pier.

The third pair of jaws in Dan Lark's well-baited trap snapped shut on the American detective. First the girl in Paris . . . damn her! Then the dirty hotel in Brest. Now a trick that the veriest recruit should have guessed, that led him headfirst to a black, dirty little cabin boat at the end of a lonely pier.

He swore feebly. The engine sputtered.

"Hold him so . . . get his gun there . . ." a man commanded, in the *patois* of the watersides of Finistère. "Good. What uselessly big pistols the American fools always carry!"

"We'll get an easy thousand francs apiece!" a second ejaculated. "Too easy!"

Fog bells tapped their unmelodious messages from jetty ends; winking buoys pricked the thick, gray obscurity with points of light; incoming steamers halloed sonorously from their steamy throats, crawled with indecisive caution in the wake of fussy pilot boats; and a small, hooded craft, its cramped cabin packed with four men, one of whom was a prisoner, turned its nose outward to the hundred scraggly islands that spot the south shore of the anchorage known as Brest Roads.

* * * *

The bleak fishing village of Landénac, whose soggy thatch roofs are

wet always from the tears of the weeping sea, crouches in dismal isolation on the heap of rocks known as "Fishermen's Sorrow." It is a scant ten kilometers from Brest. A dozen houses, inhabited by ne'er-do-wells of the fishing fleet, a twisted pier, nets upon squealing reels, winds, fogs, and unhappy waters, it is a melancholy hamlet, detached from the outside world.

Here, in the evening, Christopher Dean was landed. The January air had become blasty and cold by eight o'clock. Dean, his hands tied with ropes so tight that they burned his skin, was hustled unceremoniously through a deserted street to a house at the end of town. Light shone

what lay ahead. He had nerved himself against what he had small doubt was the end. But the actual sight of Lark, confident and serene, insolent as ever, triumphant in a quiet way, unnerved him, broke down the steel he had worked into his spine.

"Have a chair," Lark bade. "That's all, men. Come back tomorrow morning."

The others retired reluctantly.

When they had gone, and wind slammed the door behind them, shutting out both fog and the January air, Lark walked across deliberately from the fireplace and tipped the lamp shade so that the light shone sharply upon Dean's white face. He chuckled audibly and backed away. Dean bristled.

"Cut that damned stuff out!" he snapped. "Turn your light the other way!"

"Ah!" Lark's chuckle swelled to a laugh. "Turn about, you know, fair play. I've heard that's how you do in the Paris bureau. Friends have told me."

He drew two cigars from his pocket.

"Smoke?"

Dean's angry refusal seemed to amuse him a little. He put one back, lighted the other and sat down comfortably in his chair.

"You're in a nasty temper," he commented.

Dean felt a tightening in his throat. He had never suspected he could hate any man as he hated Dan Lark. And the reason he hated him now was because he had so humiliated him. Lark had taken him prisoner. Twice in a year he had spoiled Lark's game. Twice both he and Lark had escaped, one from the other.

For some time neither spoke, but then Lark, after twitting Dean on his failure to capture him, put up to the detective a proposition that they combine their forces. "No gun play. No widows' mites, no one to get hurt. There are two or three business opportunities."

Dean, gasping at the daring of the fellow, asked, "Legitimate?"

Lark shrugged.

"Sure, legitimate. Unless you go digging into a lot of stale laws. Millions in it. Half for you, half for—"

"You dirty dog!"

Lark laughed good humoredly. Dean, looking beyond him, saw on the wall a photograph. Of Lark himself! The conceited devil!

"Maybe," the scoundrel admitted, paling. "But I can beat the law any time I want to." His face hardened. "The law beat me once, long before the recent German racket. But it's not going to touch me again. Now, you can come in on this deal or— You understand?"

"Or get killed. Yes, I get it."

"Well, you've got only a few hours to decide."

Dean slumped down into his chair, his head spinning. Soon he dozed off. Twice he awakened weakly from a

The Back to France Essay Contest

Subject: "Why I want to go to France in 1927 with The American Legion."

First Prize: \$350

Second Prize: \$150

Third Prize: \$100

The contest is now open and will close on September 15th. Manuscripts postmarked after September 15th will not be accepted. No essay shall exceed four hundred words. Essays shall be written on one side of the paper only. All essays shall bear the name of the writer, his Legion post name and number and his home address. No essays will be returned except at express request of the writer and if sufficient postage is included.

The judges are Richard Henry Little, conductor of the column, "A Line o' Type or Two," in the Chicago Tribune; William Allen White, Editor of The Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, and Frederick Palmer.

Mail all essays to the Contest Editor, American Legion News Service, Indianapolis, Indiana.

guardedly in two lower windows. The stone wall was broken by a gate into a patchy garden. The door opened.

"Get in and be quick!" commanded the stout fellow whom the bar maid had called a policeman.

Behind Dean the door closed.

Firelight and an oil burning lamp with a green shade of American type illuminated the apartment.

With his back to the hearth, a figure of content and repose, stood Dan Lark, smiling.

"Welcome!" he said, and did not raise his voice.

Dean dropped his gaze to his own shoes. Humiliation flooded him. He understood instantly what Lark was thinking. He was a rotten poor detective. A schoolboy. No more wit than a village constable. On the journey across the water he had visualized

sodden sleep to see Lark poking at the fire. Both times Lark asked him if he wanted to talk terms. Dean did not answer.

* * * *

The air in the Lark apartment had become chilly when Dean straightened up at last. Lark, still wide awake, though the fire had gone out, sat reading a book. Dean, moving his arms, found that the ropes had been removed while he slept. Lark grinned, as if surmising what was in the other's mind. "Wouldn't try it. Hand to hand, I would kill you. Better talk over the other way out."

The wind had dropped, and with it the noises that had rattled all night about the house. Afar off, Dean heard the thump of breakers upon a shore; still farther away, the moan of a steamer, nosing up the bay on the tide. Then, distinctly, the throb of a motor boat engine. It stopped near at hand.

Lark put aside his book.

"Want to talk business?" he asked.

"Go to the devil!" Dean answered.

Lark rose from his chair wrathfully.

"You needn't be so upstage. Better men than you have been hanged. I may be myself some day. You've got another hour to go. I leave at eight."

His voice had lost its good nature. It was cold as ice, the voice of the old Dan Lark, heartless, conscious of power. Dean, hearing it, winced.

"Will you come in as partners?"

Lark asked.

"Never," Dean answered.

His host swore and kicked up the fire with the toe of his shoe.

"Five minutes more," he said, and shrugged his big shoulders.

Christopher Dean's face went white. Unless God intervened, Dan Lark would kill him in five minutes. He might pretend to combine. He wet his tongue to speak, rubbed it dryly in his mouth while the thought of the partnership sickened him.

"Four minutes more," said Lark, and laid his revolver on the mantel beside him.

Someone knocked just after he spoke. The bolt on the outside of the door scraped back. Both men turned. Neither spoke. Then the door opened and into the room stepped Mademoiselle Nogent. Behind her the bar maid from the Restaurant du Sentir la Marine.

"What's this?" Lark asked.

Dean stared. He was overcome by a wild and ferocious desire to punish the girl . . . she, with her innocent eyes, who had lured him here. He understood now. The wench from the bar was her sister. That was why she looked so damned familiar! The same big mouth, same air, not quite so genteel!

"Well?" Lark asked. "Well, Julie?"

He moved toward her, away from his weapon, hands outstretched.

"Put 'em up!" said Julie Nogent harshly.

For one confused second, Dean gaped. The girl had pulled a gun from her pocket. She was pointing it at Lark.

"Get away! Vite!" she bade Christopher Dean.

Ex-Major Lark lost his peace of mind.

"You damned meddler!" he screamed.

He advanced four short steps.

"Quick!" the girl ordered Dean.

Christopher Dean faltered. Dan Lark was backing toward the mantel as a second passed, his hand reaching out for his gun. But Julie's sister was too fast. With a lunging, catlike leap she was at the American's throat, a knife in her hand, her lips open, and her lean face as cool as if she were asking the time of day.

"I have nervous fingers," she cried. "Say your prayers if I prick you." She jerked her head toward Dean. "Go, stupid American pig! And good riddance!"

Dean leaned weakly on the table. He wanted to squeeze Lark's throat before he left that room, once and for all rid France and America of him. But he had no weapon, no strength. He could only talk. For five short, stifling minutes he cudgeled Lark with words while two women from a Brest bar room stood guard, one with a knife, the other, the whiter faced of the two, with a United States army pistol. Lark sent it all back to him with stinging words.

"You fool!" Julie Nogent cried at last to Dean. "Get out!"

"Fool!" echoed her sister, and swore.

"Hold Lark two minutes!" Julie Nogent directed. "Come!" she begged.

Out in the wet, gray morning he heard her voice rattling sharply.

"Didn't know, monsieur, he planned to kill you. I thought he was just going to turn your pockets. You were good to me, monsieur! I'm a decent woman, I swear it! A bit of plain stealing, sometimes, but no murder! A good Christian I am. So I got Marie, my sister. I told her we must save you, I promised her poison if she didn't!"

"You're a low little rotter," Dean said, "but I thank you."

The girl looked at him humbly.

"There's a row boat," she said, "get into it and out to the fog. Row toward the bells. You will reach Brest sometime today."

* * * *

At eleven o'clock that morning Dean pulled wearily ashore at the end of a jetty below the walls of Brest. He made fast his boat, examined the street sign at the corner carefully, and started on a run toward the nearest police station. It was one o'clock when, with half a dozen gendarmes, he landed again in the village of Landenac, and hurried up a path, to an empty house where hot coals still glowed on the hearth.

Dan Lark had made one more escape. And Christopher Dean, less than five minutes from death, had been yanked back to safety by an "honest Christian lady," who admitted thievery and kidnapping among her accomplishments, but objected to unembellished murder as a bit beyond the pale.

But Christopher Dean had discovered one thing.

He had learned from the man's own lips why he hated the law. The picture that looked like Lark was gone from the mantel when Dean returned. He had expected it to be missing. For Lark, in the desperate anger of another defeat, had revealed why he was a lawbreaker.

"My twin brother!" he had cried, pointing to the picture. "Whom the law hanged for something he didn't do! The law!" He spit up the word. "The law! I am sworn to defy it!"

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Willie Barclay Goes on the Air

(Continued from page 9)

hamper the installation by declaring it extra-hazardous.

After putting on a pair of rubber boots, and jabbing about with a fish-pole threaded through the garden hose, the amateur lineman finally unhooked his spluttering trouble-maker and led it to safer anchorage.

His pink face was beaded. "Andy said he fixed his easy in three hours. All I've got to say is, Andy's a better electrician than he is Episcopalian. Now that the fool thing's all fixed up, we'll probably hit so much static—"

"Or Willie—," Mrs. Tompkins suggested with a cackle.

"Yes, or Willie'll get his dates mixed and show up tomorrow evening; or forget to bring his banjo, or something."

ALICE longed to defend her sweet-heart, yet knew that anything she might say regarding his dependability must sound hollow and insincere. Willie was not efficient. He never would be. That was, perversely, probably one of the reasons she loved him. It was most certainly one of Mrs. Tompkins's chief reasons for urging Emil Kohl and his forty acres.

"The city might have—Willie might have changed now that he's lived in the city a while," she suggested.

"The city can do a lot for a fellow, but it can't put something where nothing ever was."

"And still, Willie never—," and she looked significantly toward copper wires leading to the eaves.

"No, you bet your life Willie never tried stringing up one of those fool radio sets," he countered, conveniently misunderstanding. "Best he can do is sit in an easy chair and tinkle. 'Yes, We Have No—'."

"Alice, did you invite Emil to come over?" with a menace, from the kitchen.

"No—I thought—I was afraid—No, I haven't asked him—yet."

"Then go ahead and do it." In a lower tone, as if to herself, "He's a fine dependable fellow. Everyone speaks so well of him."

"Including himself," flared Alice. "Perhaps everyone does speak well of him, but I've noticed no one's gone so far as to marry him."

"Now, Alice," her mother wheedled. "You know he's just dead stuck on you. There's a dozen girls'd be tickled to death if he even looked at 'em. But he's too all wrapped up in someone else."

She paused that her auditors might appreciate the delicacy of her phrasing. "You ought to be only too glad he pays any attention to you at all. Him, with his fine Chevrolet and his forty acres. You, mooning around for that foolish, puttering banjo-player."

Mrs. Tompkins finally paused to catch breath. Alice seized the opportunity.

"Just wait till he's famous. Wait till he gets a job in the Blackstone orchestra. He said—"

Then she knew she could never tell them what Willie had written; that the Blackstone needed a good banjost;

that he had applied. They liked him, but didn't know how he'd do in public, since he'd had no experience.

"So, I'm going to have my big chance," he had written. "I'm to play some evening over the radio. And if I make good—and with the publicity that'll give me—they say they'll take me on."

No, she couldn't tell them that. They'd smirk and spoil all her pleasure in Willie's success that evening—that very evening. He would succeed. She knew he would. He couldn't fail, with her loving him so. And then, after he'd really done the thing they all doubted he would do, she could tell Emil and his forty acres to go hang. She could marry Willie and they'd live at the Blackstone—or near there. Near enough so Willie wouldn't have far to go in snowy weather.

The discussion of Willie came to an abrupt end.

In rotation, during the remainder of the afternoon, the trio in the little cottage held the receivers to their ears.

At seven ten, guests began arriving for the eight o'clock party. Immediately, social difficulties presented themselves. There being but one set of ear-pieces, at most only two people could listen in at one time. This might necessitate embarrassing proximity of cheeks. Uncle Rudolph suddenly realizing this, ranged the Tompkins's full quota of chairs in a circle about the center table. Writing the name of each guest on a separate slip of paper and labeling each chair, he succeeded in guaranteeing each wife's getting her lawful husband as companion listener. However, if one guest failed to appear, the entire arrangement would be thrown into indiscreet disorder.

RUDOLPH paired himself with Mrs. Tompkins. Noting that Alice was engrossed in "breaking the ice," he gaily paired her with Emil. This, he knew, would delight Mrs. Tompkins; further, it might lead to striking results—when Willie started playing.

Fortunately for Rudolph's plan, Emil was among the first to arrive, thus preventing Alice's changing the place cards.

Andy, the hardware man, having radio-trained ears and a resonant voice, was to listen first, during the reading of the news notes. He was to relay the information orally. Paired with him was Amy Dinsdorf, grade school history teacher, who was to help with pronunciation of Czecho-Slovakia and other foreign parts.

At its inception, the scheme was a failure. Amy insisted that Andy's resonant voice vibrated the diaphragms so that she could hear only Andy's voice, several words out of time with the news notes. Lucy Timms, who lived down the road a piece and had buried two husbands, remarked later that she was sure the whole trouble was Amy's being so nervous sitting close to an eligible bachelor that she couldn't pronounce straight.

Hence, the ear-pieces were passed around during the news notes, the result being:

"... and the Chinese government replied, that, so far as Chinese exclusion was concerned..."

Claude Beecher, local undertaker, being uninterested, passed on the headset:

"... and a troop of Boy Scouts yesterday visited the grave of the late..."

Catching a hint of this dispatch, Claude's professional interest was promptly whetted. He insisted on joining Pete Clark, garage man, and his pretty, new wife, who giggled. They made a distressingly clubby trio.

Alice, watching disinterestedly, sensed the quick look of anguish which crossed thin-lipped Mrs. Beecher's face, saw her turn with a determined gesture and start a tense conversation with Emil on her left.

SUDDENLY there flashed through Alice's mind a devastating picture. In imagination, Emil became Claude Beecher, towering, coarse-handed, cruelly thoughtless. She had grown to be Mrs. Beecher. Her lips too had drawn themselves into that sharp, pale line of repression. Her spirit too fluttered desperately toward someone, someone who might understand, someone to talk to.

From eight to nine forty-five, there was the usual composite of "entertainment." Danny Deever was hanged again, to musical accompaniment. Pale hands again waved farewell beside the Shalimar, in tremolo soprano. The customary indignities were performed on Beethoven's Sonata, with an accordion.

The party in the cottage grew tense giggling fitfully over prearranged witticisms by the announcer.

Finally, "To close the program, we have with us—"

Mrs. Tompkins and Uncle Rudolph had just received the ear-pieces. Uncle Rudolph's hand clutched. He paused when he noted that the Beechers were to be the next recipients.

With city-bred tact, he suggested, "Let's make it dealer's choice—"

Amy gasped, quickly conscious the phrase had to do with gambling. The other guests grinned in anticipation.

"In other words, whoever has the 'ears' can pass them anywhere he wants—," and without pausing for approval, he handed them across the circle to Alice and Emil.

In Chicago, the announcer clattered on, "... and we're sure this is a fitting close for the evening's entertainment..."

Alice's cheeks flushed crimson.

"If the young man's efforts are successful, he is to be considered for the position of banjost with the Blackstone orchestra!"

Alice's "Oh-h!" and Emil's mumbled "Blackstone orchestra!" sounded simultaneously.

From the watchers in the parlor, "What's the matter? What's happening? Let us in on the secret," filled in an ether-lull.

The voice of the announcer resumed, punctuated by Beecher's insistent, "Tell

us what they're saying, Emil. You're keeping the ears overtime, as it is."

To quiet him, Emil repeated, "A banjo solo—"

He stopped abruptly, tore the receiver from his ear, and stalked across the circle.

"Be back in a minute," he growled at the door.

"Gimme your place?" Beecher demanded.

"No," came the uncordial reply from the hallway's shadows.

"I'll save it for him," Alice announced quickly. She was still breathless, still fearful lest Willie fail.

Uncle Rudolph slipped to her side. Gratefully, she handed him Emil's receiver.

Suddenly there came clear, resolute notes as Willie swept the strings. "To get in the spirit of the thing," he had so often explained to her.

Her tense hands relaxed. Fears quieted, her breathing became normal. Willie would win. Nothing could stop him.

She even permitted herself the tiniest snatch of a dream. A June evening; mother dozing on the back porch; the old swing under the apple tree; Willie. "What'll I play?" "Oh, you know. Our piece." Jingle of strings as Willie got in the spirit—

Her dream ended abruptly. Something had happened. Somewhere in that vast hall of destiny in Chicago, catastrophe had beset a forlorn, friendless Willie who needed her. She had sensed a strange ending to that first courageous sweep of the strings. A tinkly overtone had been audible. Then had followed a pause, growing longer and more ominous.

She glanced quickly at Uncle Rudolph, then to the radio instrument on the center table. With nervous fingers, she shifted the adjusting levers, instantly returning them to their original positions. Finally in desperation, she rattled her ear-piece.

"What's going on, Mr. Tompkins?" Beecher inquired respectfully.

"Nothing. They're waiting. Always do that before a big number. Makes it more impressive."

"Yep. I've noticed that," Beecher agreed.

Silence.

In a moment, from Mrs. Tompkins, "Haven't they started yet?"

"The man's—the man's telling a story—about two Irishmen."

"Must be the one I heard yesterday," Beecher volunteered to fill in the lull.

After an eternity came an announcement, "There will be a slight delay, as, unfortunately, Mr. Barclay—has lost his pick!"

A smothered gasp from Alice. Under cover of her frounce, Uncle Rudolph searched out her icy hand. Oblivious to her agony, the guests waited eagerly.

Over the air came scrunch of chairs. Mumbled conversation between musician and announcer. Eventually, hesitant, uncertain strumming of banjo strings.

Alice resumed her breathing, though a sob lurked near her heart.

Willie had found his pick. Now everything would be all right. Willie would make good—marvelously. He would triumph—take his first step up Fame's ladder playing—her piece, their piece.

Moonlit thoughts filled her mind. Spring evenings, fragrant, blissful, romance-laden. Soft fields of grain; the old rail-fence, grey in the golden light; the road lying silver-white over the hill; and Willie playing:

"Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—"

"Sweet Alice, that's you," he had told her. "That's why I play that piece. That'll always be your song."

"Our song," she had whispered.

Her dream was interrupted by further trepidant chords. Then Willie's "all right" to the announcer. Rather quavering—probably because of the weakness of the Tompkins's receiving set.

Scarcely breathing, she waited. Now was his big moment. He'd think of her. He'd play their piece, send his greeting to her in the way only she could understand.

"Don't you remember—"

No! Not "Ben Bolt" but "Turkey In The Straw"! Harsh, cheap, unromantic.

As she turned to tear the receiver from her ear, her glance wavered to the shadowy hallway. Dimly discernible to her over-sensitive eyes was Emil lounging against the banister. Through the hall's darkness she saw him, knew he was sneering and waiting for her.

Somehow she summoned a smile. Managed even to whisper to Uncle Rudolph, "Beautiful, isn't it?" as she waited for the piece to end. Finally, with a brave flourish, Willie brought the number to a close. Half-hearted applause spattered from the broadcasting auditorium.

The announcer's voice sounded above the perfunctory clatter.

"I am sure you will be surprised and pleased to know that Mr. Barclay, loyally determined to do his part in the evening's entertainment, played his entire number without the use of a pick—"

Deafening applause from the auditorium.

"... he played the entire piece with—a hairpin, borrowed from—the young lady who came with him this evening."

The young lady who came with him this evening! ... With a sob, Alice rushed from the room, brushed past the waiting Emil, and stumbled into the unfriendly moonlight. Emil followed her.

As the door slammed, she heard Uncle Rudolph explaining, "Awful sad story that fellow told. All about a poor lonely turkey ..."

In the swing, Emil found her, moist of cheek but hastily dry of eye.

"What's matter?"

"It—it was too warm in there," she answered briefly.

"Nice out here, ain't it?"

She failed to control the tremor his remark inspired.

"Chilly?"

"Yes."

"I'll get you a wrap."

He rose reluctantly, gazed hungrily at her, then strode awkwardly toward the house.

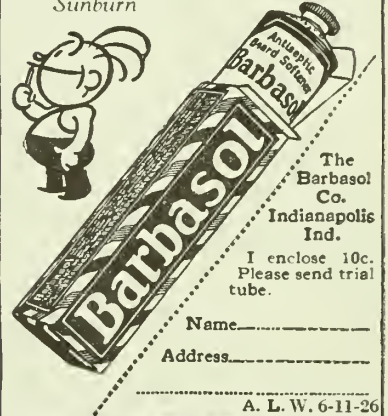
From the old, beloved swing, trembling arms pleaded toward a silver road over the hill. A voice, scarcely audible. "Our swing; our night; but—but, oh! not our ..."

Thump of the front door. Emil returning! Emil! No, never Emil!

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Never—no one! Willie had failed her! "Best I could find in the dark," he explained, handing her a grey rough-necked sweater.

Her fingers stroked thread-marks where a high-school football emblem had once graced it.

"Thank you."

"You're—you're sort of strange tonight. Ain't feelin' well?"

"No, Emil, I'm—I'm really sick."

She rose to go, swayed, sensed Emil's acquisitive arm about her. Sudden strength filled her.

"No, Emil. Not—tonight."

She rushed from him.

"Not—never," mingled with the sound of the front door's closing.

In the hall she paused. Her feet faltered. She cowered in the lonely dark. From another world came voices, the yellow glow of light, the gurgle of lemonade, crunch of cookies.

Harshly she heard, "After all, I don't

go much on these music-players. They're a bad lot. Can't depend on 'em. Give me—"

Loyalty rallied her. She'd go in and face them. She'd tell them—

Uncle Rudolph's jovial voice was shot with the menace of keen steel.

"Barclay's a comer. Don't forget that. At least he had spunk enough to get out and try to make something of himself. Believe me, any town can afford to be proud of lads like that."

Her tense body relaxed. Willie beset with scoffers was a martyr. Willie ably championed was—just Willie. She loved him—yet why had he failed her?

Forlornly she turned her face toward endless stairs which led to her room. She had no friends. No one cared for her, except—. No, not even he. He'd played "Turkey In The Straw."

Her room stared at her disparagingly. Any girl that'd have a music-player go back on her!

Night held no balm, no comfort. Dawn met staring eyes as it crept through vine-grown lattices.

Buzz of a doorbell shredded the silence.

Wrapped in her corduroy bath-robe, she faced an officious messenger boy at the door. Snatching an envelope from his hand, she tore it open, breathlessly.

"Gotta sign here," he insisted.

Protesting that a scrawled "A. T." could not serve as her signature, he faced the Tompkins's closed door.

"We won," the message ran. "Had hard luck losing pick but played Turkey In Straw with Aunt Susie's hairpin. Spoiled her looks but got me Blackstone job. When will you marry me..."

Dizzily she sank in a heap on the floor. Vision distorted by tears, she read the remainder of the message:

"Guess you know I didn't try to play Ben Bolt with a hairpin. Willie."

Have You Got *the* Money?

(Continued from page 6)

the country through the co-operation of banks with the France Convention Travel Committee of the Legion. These clubs were planned and organized to serve the veterans who want to go to France with the Legion. They offer the Legionnaire specific advantages that he can obtain through no other saving medium. They provide first of all a convenient method of making small regular deposits definitely calculated to accrue to a certain sum at the end of a specific period. In other words, they offer security and certainty. But they offer more than this.

Through an arrangement made with the France Convention Travel Committee these clubs are enabled to retain at interest all the money deposited by Legionnaires until shortly before the movement. This means that next winter when it is necessary to make a deposit of \$50 to cover the cost of a reservation, the reservation can be accomplished through a book transfer within the bank, the local bank actually retaining the money and the Legionnaire receiving the full interest. No other possible savings plan provides this advantage.

Further than this there is the advantage of collective effort, the functioning of the members of a local post or local Legion group through a central agency, the stimulation to be derived from the fact that your friends and associates and former comrades are working toward a certain and much-to-be-desired end. Collective effort won the war. Collective effort, operating through local Legion posts and through departmental Legion organizations, will insure the participation of thousands of veterans in the Paris trip who individually might never get there.

Upon every post official there is the definite obligation to see that each member of the post is fully aware of his opportunities and is fully informed as to the consequences of his failure to take advantage of these opportunities. Not since the organization of the Legion has any national program held out so much to the veterans of the World War as does the great pilgrimage to France. There is that about the trip which

catches at the imagination, which stirs vivid, poignant memories. Once that picture is fully possessed, its stimulus alone should be sufficient to move the thousands now inactive to some sort of response, and that response should be in the form of dollars in the bank every week.

Dreams and memories and ambitions are well enough, but they do not buy steamship passage, nor do they provide a room in Paris. Only one thing can do that, and that is money. Money, with four weeks' vacation in 1927, will mean that 30,000 veterans will participate next year in the greatest commemorative movement the world has known.

In each Department of the Legion details with regard to the participation of that Department in the France Convention will be under the direct supervision of a France Convention Travel Officer, appointed by the Executive Committee of the Department. France Convention Travel Officers now appointed are:

ALABAMA, S. C. Crockett, P. O. Box 433, Montgomery; ARIZONA, Robert H. Dickson, P. O. Box 442, Jerome; ARKANSAS, E. H. Vonderau, Helena; CALIFORNIA (South), M. Angelo Bessolo, Jr., 5163 Ellenwood Drive, Eagle Rock; CALIFORNIA (North), Al Chase, 418 Twelfth St., Oakland; CANAL ZONE, E. J. Daly, Box 324, Cristobal; COLORADO, E. C. Calhoun, 1749 California St., Denver; CONNECTICUT, J. Frederick Collins, Greenwich; DELAWARE, Lester P. Hudson, 100 W. 10th St., Wilmington; DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Joseph J. Idler, 409 Investment Bldg., Washington; FLORIDA, A. Rice King, Graham Bldg., c/o N. C. St. L. R. R., Jacksonville; GEORGIA, Edgar Dunlap, Gainesville.

IDAHO, Lester F. Albert, 316 Capitol Bldg., Boise; ILLINOIS, F. J. Heckel, Bloomington; INDIANA, Kleber Hadley, War Memorial Bldg., Indianapolis; IOWA, R. J. Laird, 1003 Register & Tribune Bldg., Des Moines; KANSAS, Ernest A. Ryan, Memorial Bldg., Topeka; KENTUCKY, Paul Jakilky, c/o First National Bank, Louisville; LOUISIANA, T. Semmes Walmsley, City Hall, New

Orleans; MAINE, James J. Boyle, 108 Main St., Waterville; MARYLAND, Kenneth A. McRae, College Park; MASSACHUSETTS, Henry Nichols, Federal Bldg., Boston; MEXICO, R. H. Hudgens, apartado 331, Tampico; MICHIGAN, Robert J. Byers, 214 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit.

MINNESOTA, Edwin L. Lindell, Old Capitol Bldg., Saint Paul; MISSISSIPPI, John Anderson, c/o Illinois Central R. R. Station, Jackson; MISSOURI, Jerry F. Duggan, 3709 Broadway, Kansas City; MONTANA, W. L. Jones, Helena; NEBRASKA, Nels E. Johnson, Valley; NEVADA, Bryan Laveaga, Fallon; NEW HAMPSHIRE, Frank N. Sawyer, State House, Concord; NEW JERSEY, George F. Fleming, State House, Trenton; NEW MEXICO, Herman G. Baca, Santa Fe; NEW YORK, Robert C. Lee, c/o Moore & McCormick Co., 5 Broadway; NORTH CAROLINA, James Leonard, Lexington; OHIO, J. J. Saslavsky, 335 S. High St., Columbus; OKLAHOMA, Al Horton, 418 Capitol Bldg., Oklahoma City; OREGON, Carl R. Moser, 207 Chamber of Commerce, Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA, James J. Deighan, 903 City Center Bldg., Philadelphia; RHODE ISLAND, Joseph Crump, 7 Weybosset St., Providence; SOUTH CAROLINA, Sam L. Latimer, Jr., Columbia; SOUTH DAKOTA, Walter S. Travis, 452 Broadway, Pierre; TENNESSEE, Guy H. May, Memorial Bldg., Nashville; TEXAS, Allen C. Ater, Santa Fe Bldg., Dallas; UTAH, Spencer Eccles, Logan; VERMONT, Robert McCuen, 34 S. Willard St., Burlington; VIRGINIA, J. A. Nicholas, Jr., 201 State Office Bldg., Richmond; WASHINGTON, Jesse W. Drain, 509 Third Ave., Seattle; WEST VIRGINIA, Dr. James A. Duff, Martinsburg; WISCONSIN, Howard Dessert, Mosinee; WYOMING, E. A. Froyd, Midwest.

Department Adjutants are serving as travel officers in the District of Columbia and the following States: Alabama, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Washington.

Its State Points to This Post

(Continued from page 11)

for Legion activities. Through his office he handled more than 250 service cases last year, and in spite of all his duties as post commander, captain in the National Guard, radio artist, and so forth, he bagged fifty-seven members.

Third place went to the finance officer, Leo Larsen, a banker. Leo stood at the little window and snared them as they went past, thirty-two all told. Nine other members were runners-up with from six to fifteen members each. The Forty and Eight turned in fifty members. Scarcely a man in the post who did not at least bring in one member besides his own renewal.

The post has always taken an interest in the work of the schools. For Education Week last fall it ran an Americanization essay contest, awarding six medals. It has furnished entertainment, speakers and teachers for citizenship classes. And when the Stevens Point High School won the Wisconsin basketball championship the post gave members of the team small, engraved cups.

Among other things the post has done for its community may be listed a year-round service to an orphanage near Stevens Point, a Christmas Tree festival for three thousand children, work for a better observance of Fourth of July, and a well-thought-out plan for helping in the observance of National Boys Week. The membership of the post is given every opportunity to help out on the various projects throughout the year, and the work has proved a member-getting and member-holding stimulus.

The Wisconsin department is proud of the work of the Stevens Point Legionnaires and is working overtime to get aboard the bandwagon of quota-obtained departments. The last week in May the department had pushed its total membership over the twenty-two thousand mark, which represents more than eighty-five percent of the quota set by National Commander McQuigg.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

15TH ENG.—Annual reunion under auspices of mothers of regiment, at Westview Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 19. Address Mrs. P. A. Crane, 483 Campbell St., Wilkesburg, Pa.

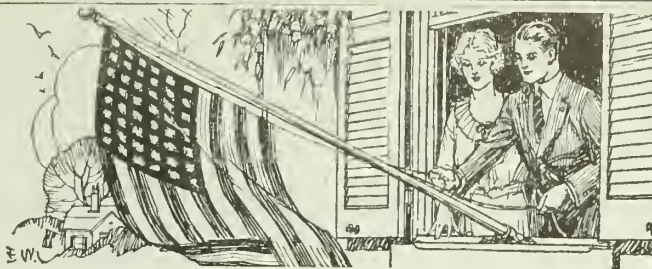
THIRD DIV.—Annual reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., July 14-18. Headquarters at Lorraine Hotel, Broad St. and Fairmount Ave. Address Watch on the Rhine, P. O. Box 1621, Philadelphia.

335TH INF. BAND—First annual reunion at Kentucky Hotel, Louisville, Ky., 6:30 p. m., June 26. Address H. R. Michael, 401 State House, Indianapolis, Ind.

128TH M. G. BN. (35th Div.)—To complete roster and make arrangements for annual reunion to be held in August, address Herbert B. Warden, c/o Warden's Drug Store, Nevada, Mo.

BTY. D., 1ST BN. TRENCH ARTY.—Reunion of this outfit, originally known as 1st Trench Mortar Bn., at Cleveland, O., Sept. 4-6. Address Corporal Dan McGrew, 2400 Buhl Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

80TH DIV.—Philadelphia Post of division will hold open house third Thursday of each month during Sesquicentennial Exposition, at 2210 Sansom St., to all former members of division. Address William H. Graham, Jr., 812 W. Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia.



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Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Necessity

"Mother," said Cleopatra, "this life doesn't appeal to me. I want to be a stenographer."

"Don't be silly, child," retorted Mrs. Ptolemy. "Chewing gum hasn't been invented yet."

Epitaph

I paused beside a new-made grave
And on the stone I chanced to see:
"You mortals who are doomed to die,
Gird up your loins and follow me."
And just beneath this legend ran:
"To follow you I'm not content—"
Some way had wisely scratched it there—
"Until I know which way you went."
—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Getting Desperate

"There's a story going the rounds," began a raconteur—
"I know there is," interrupted a struggling and ambitious author. "It's mine, and I'm going to burn the thing if some editor doesn't take it pretty soon!"

Standard Time?

[Heading in Ocatonna (Minn.) People's Press]

Mardi Gras Night Is Postponed to This Morning.

Unnecessary

"Are those children all yours?" asked the census taker.
"Certainly," replied the father of ten angrily. "You didn't think I'd borrow them from the neighbors, did you?"

They're Dangerous

"We're going to have a famous agnostic at dinner tonight."
"Goodness! I know a girl who drank two of those things, and she was absolutely intoxicated."

Without Artificial Aid

"Is it true you came home intoxicated and struck your wife?" asked the judge.
"No, Your Honor," replied the prisoner. "I'm just naturally brave."

Profit and Loss

"The drill sergeant is going to give us a little extra time," announced one doughboy who had been permanently assigned to the awkward squad.
"Believe me, we've got double time coming to us," replied the rookie, who had recently left the ranks of civilian bricklayers. "Thirty dollars a month ain't even enough to buy cigarettes."

A Couple of Irishmen

Pat: "I hear yer wife is sick, Mike."
Mike: "She is that."
Pat: "Is it dangerous she is?"
Mike: "Divvle a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous anny more."

Foresight

"If you're not very careful you're going to have trouble with a brunette," warned the fortune teller.
"Hm," mused the patron. "That's my wife. What makes you think I'll have trouble with her?"
"There's a blonde hair on your coat."

Where the Mighty Gather

"If we put this deal over, Joe," remarked the first bootlegger, "we'll be rub-

bing elbows with them big guys—governors and senators and like that."

"Don't say that, Mike," expostulated the second bootlegger nervously. "It sounds too much like Leavenworth or Atlanta."

The Boys of '17

The judge inquired: "You had a draft Of something stronger'n beer?"
"Nay, judge," the prisoner weakly laughed, "I was a volunteer."

—C. L. A.

Terrible!

Inez: "Have you heard about Grace? She was burned almost beyond recognition."

Ina: "Good heavens! How did that happen?"

Inez: "She walked down to the beach without her parasol."



ENJOYED

Sloan (diffidently): "Last week, old man, I lent you twenty-five dollars for a day."

Byrne: "You did, old man, and believe me it was some day, too!"

Destroying the Evidence

"Now what did little George Washington do after he had chopped down the cherry tree?" asked the uplift worker.

"Buried the hatchet," replied the gangster's young hopeful promptly.

The Cynical Copy Reader

[Heading in Franklin (Ind.) Star]

College Romance Is Ended by Engagement.

Both Fooled

"John," accused the stern wife, "you've been drinking whisky again!"
"No, Marsha," he denied somewhat thickly, "you've made the shame mistake I did—twasn't whisky."

Unnatural History

"And why do you call me a zebra?" that animal demanded of Adam.

"Because," explained the First Man, "when the alphabet is invented there will have to be something for the letter Z to stand for."

All in the Name of Sport

The movie actress had been playing cards and losing heavily.

"Broke!" she exclaimed in disgust. "Nothing left but my husband!"
"Isn't that too bad, dear?" answered her sympathetic friend. "If you only had two of them, now, I might play you my Airedale against the pair."

Sympathy

"My ole man's a poet now," observed Mrs. Raggs proudly.

"Well, mine won't do a lick o' work neither," replied Mrs. Taggs.

Methodical

"Does your husband write to his folks regular?"

"Yes, every year—except last year he couldn't find a stamp."

How's Sweet Alice, Ben?

[From Platteville (Wis.) News]

Ben Boldt of the Chicago Post Office was home for a few days.

Opening the Pot

"My husband bought a table and six chairs at auction today," asserted Mrs. Botts proudly.

"I suppose he already has the chips," suggested her neighbor.

Ho-hum!

"How long a stretch did Bill get?" inquired a bandit.

"Th' judge give him thirty days," replied his friend and accomplice.

"Thirty days! That ain't a stretch—that's just a yawn."

Heap Big Paleface

[From Otis (Kan.) Reporter]

Lester Schroeder, the white-faced cattle man west of Albert, recently lost three head of cattle supposedly from blackleg.

Wish

"I do wish my husband would give up smoking," said Mrs. Buts peevishly.

"Does it annoy you?" asked Mrs. Rutz.

"No—but I like his cigarette holder."

Three Courses in Greek

Bulla zupp.
Rust biff.
Pitch pay.

On Former Occasions

"I'm wondering what I can buy a movie star for a wedding present."

"Oh, there are all sorts of possible gifts."

"I know—but I've already given her those."

In Defense

"Rufus," said the judge, "you're charged with stealing a chicken. What have you to say?"

"Jes' this, Yo' Honah," explained Rufus. "Dat hen had been in mah gyarden fo' five days, so Ah jes nacherly takes her fo' rent."

Making Up

"How dare you kiss me without asking? I'll never forgive you!"

"Oh—come on! I'll let you slap me without dodging."

The Disadvantages of Eden

"Darn!" cried Adam. "I just ran a race with a razorback and that angel cop gave me a ticket for speeding. Now I gotta go down to court and—"

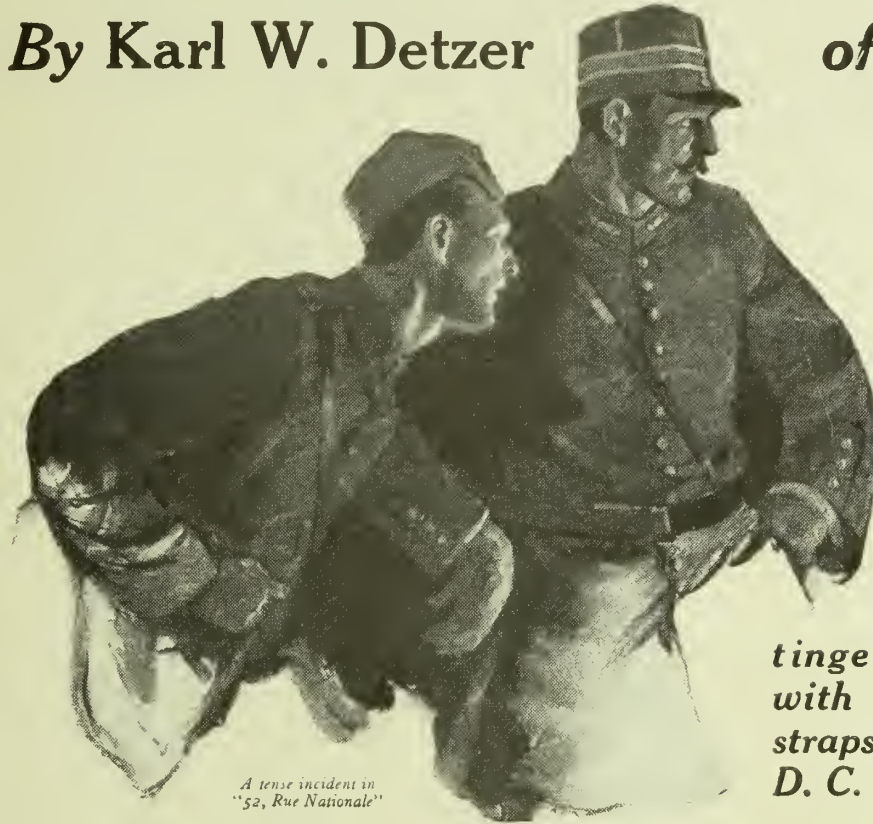
"Why didn't you give some other man's name?" asked Eve helpfully.

"What's the use—confound it! There isn't any other man."

True Stories of the A. E. F.

By Karl W. Detzer

of the D. C. I.



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Experiences in the A. E. F. by the Division of Criminal Investigation of the American Army in dealing with the most accomplished criminals the world has ever known. Baffling mysteries--fascinating horrors tinge the pages. Criminals with and without shoulder straps do their stuff and the D. C. I. goes them one better.

NUMBER 52, RUE NATIONALE

"Remember the riot in Rue Nationale, Le Mans?"

Some five thousand of you former doughboys recall it . . . that pleasant summer evening in 1919 when everyone seemed crazy, when Frenchmen and Americans milled in the street, glass was crashing, pistol shots echoed across the town, and finally, two

hours late, a battalion of French soldiers came charging down on us. Perhaps you remember the house at Number 52, which was the center of that mysterious turmoil.

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ing rumors. At least you wondered. . . ."

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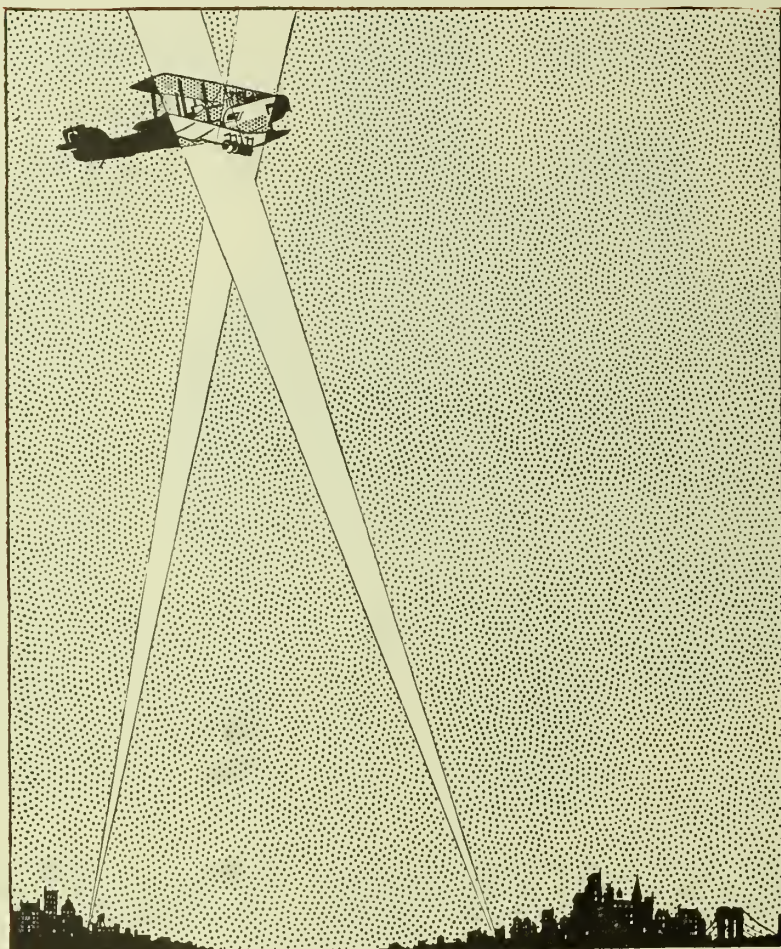
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